

To the conditions of the time may be largely attributed certain features of its journalism, and of at least one branch of its literature, fiction. Again and again the most prominent articles in the majority of the Paris newspapers (only five or six of which were serious political organs) dealt with such women as Cora Pearl, Giulia Barucci, Anna Deslions, and Esther Guimond ; such men as Worth, the dressmaker, Markowski, the dancing master, Gramont-Caderousse, the spendthrift, and Mangin, the charlatan. The average boulevardier novel beautified vice, set it amid all the glamour of romance. The adulterous woman was an angel, the courtesan quite a delightful creature, her trade a mere *yoecM* *mignon*. The lovers, the seducers, were always handsome, high-minded, exceptionally virile, irresistible; while the deceived husbands were of every kind,— odious, tragic, pathetic, *delonnair*, or simply ridiculous. And every "intrigue" was steeped in an odour of musk and suffused with a cloud of *poudre-de-riz*.

At the same time some of the great writers of the July Monarchy were still living. But if Hugo, the Olympian veteran, showed little sign of decay, either with his "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," or his "Travailleurs de la Mer," Dumas the elder was now at his last stage, and George

Sand, bound by an agreement to the "ReVue  
des Deux  
Mondes," was deluging its readers with the  
mere milk and  
water of "Laura" and similar productions,  
though she  
treated others — as a result, perhaps, of the  
vitiated taste of  
the hour — to such strong and unsavoury meat  
as "Elle et  
Lui," to which Paul de Musset retorted with  
his pungent  
*relevt*, "Lui et Elle." The recluse of Nohant was  
to produce  
good work yet, but that she herself should  
publicly flaunt